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The Herald

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The Spencerville High School



1917

THE HERALD



SPENCERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. II. NO. 4

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DEDICATION

To the Faculty of Spencerville High School, through whose efficient leadership this publication was made possible, we affectionately dedicate this number of the Herald.

2079871



BERTHA M. THORNBURGH
Superintendent
Anderson H. S. 1904
Indiana University 1913



FORREST M. KAIN
Principal
Spencerville H. S. 1913
Tri-State Normal 1913 to 1916



HAZEL M. STROUT
Domestic Science
Anderson H. S. 1910
Indiana University 1914



MARK B. SHULL
Grammar Room
Spencerville H. S. 1914
Indiana State Normal 1914-1915



HOWARD PERVINE
Intermediate
Spencerville H. S. 1914
Tri-State 1914-1915



CHARLOTTE MILLER
Primary
Spencerville H. S. 1912
Tri-State Normal 1912

AN APPRECIATION

We hope this issue of "The Herald" has come up to your fullest expectations. We wish to thank you for your subscriptions and patronage during the year. If you are pleased with our efforts, then think of some friends who would like to hear from old S. H. S. Get a copy from the committee and mail it to them. We thank you.

The Herald Staff.

CLASS OF 1917

OFFICERS

Wellington L. Miller, President.
Cecil F. Hollopeter, Secretary.
Howard W. Shilling, Treas.
COLORS—Dark Blue and Old Gold.
FLOWER—Yellow Rose.
MOTTO—"With the ropes of the past we ring the bells of the future."

CLASS ROLL

Wellington Miller Cecil Hollopeter Howard Shilling



WELLINGTON L. MILLER

"Dutch"

President

"His works are such that none can follow."

As Editor-in-Chief of the Herald he has done his best and won. Asan athlete he has proved himself worthy both in Baseball and Basket Ball.



CECIL F. HOLLOPETER

"Jersey"

Secretary

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

As a member of the Herald Staff Cecil has always shown his willingness to sacrifice everything to bring his department to success. In his school work he is diligent and exact. As an athlete he has always been the one bright light on the team.



HOWARD W. SHILLING

"Shillin"

Treasurer

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was.
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

A good conscientious student, applying his heart to every work. He has also proved himself in athletics. As business manager of the Herald he has brought it to a success.

SENIOR PROPHECY

Once in my travels in Mexico in 1934 I happened to come across a friend. I decided to spend the night at his house. He was a detective trying to work out a plot against the Government of United States. We got to talking of old school days as he was a graduate of S. H. S., class of 1918.

As we were talking of this an old East Indian lady came up and asked if we wanted to buy any "Shoey." My friend told her that he did not want any so she came over and asked if I wanted to know anything. I did not understand her at first but finally I knew she meant to ask if I wanted to have my fortune told. She said she did not tell fortunes but she could answer any one question. I said all right and was going to aske her the question but she said "Come along, I must consult the gods about it." She led me to a hill and into a cave. At the opening of the cave she went into a small room and took a shawl and wrapped up in it so that I could see nothing but her face. On this shawl was pictures of different idols, or, as they called them, "gods." As I looked at it it made me feel as if the earth was going out from under me.

Then we started in to the opening. At first it was so small that I could hardly get through but atl at once it got larger. Then I heard something like the hissing of a serpent. It was followed by a loud roar. The old lady hesitated a moment and then said, "The gods are favorable, come along." As we went on every little noise sounded like a roar. The cave divided again and several small openings could be seen. We kept in the center and entered a place where a small was flowing The room was small and circular in shape. The waters ran so smoothly that I could not hear them. There was one stone chair hewn from solid rock. I was told to sit in this. She went to one part of the room and got a gong. Then going to another part and tapping the gong upon the wall a long thin

handled spoon appeared. Then she asked me what I wanted to know. I said, "Where are my classmates of S. H. S. Class of '17?"

She took two drops of water from the stream and when she had passed her hand over them they began to jump and sputter. Finally one exploded. Before me I saw a large building. Large smoke stacks were sending forth long lines of black smoke. There was a large sign

SHILLING MOTOR CO.

Largest Motor Factory in the World

Capacity 400,000 Per Hour

The scene changed. It was the interior of the factory. Thousands of men were working. Everything was running by the latest methods. Then came the office of the building in which several men were working. One man had an order for ten thousand motors to be shipped that day. Behind a desk in the corner of the room there was a man of middle age, who seemed to be directing the work of all the other men. They would go to him for advice and then go back to work again. I recognized him as Howard Shilling. The scene faded. Immediately the other drop of water expanded. Before me there was another scene. A great strike was going on. Street cars were standing on the street and motormen and conductors were forming a line preparing to march through the city. Just then a gentleman came up and talked to one of them. Some one said it was the president of the street car company. He got a box from a building near by and standing on this, delivered a speech, during which the crowd remained spellbound. When he had finished, the crowd dispersed and the street car men rushed back to work. I recognized him as my old friend, Wellington Miller.

Then this scene faded. I got up and started out. The gate of the cave was closed. Then I found that by placing one dollar in the slot above the gate it opened easily. I went out of this longing to see my old school mates again.

Cecil Hollopeter, '17.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1917, being sound of mind do hereby lawfully administer this last will and testament.

To the Faculty we bequeath all our extra 100's so they will not have to grade our papers.

To Forest Kain we bequeath all weeping pines in Decatur.

To Shylock we bequeath all our affections for Leone, also hoping that he may come to an understanding with Everett.

To Dale we bequeath all our militarism knowing that she will can the same.

To Goldy we donate all of our palms.

To Delphia we present a cage for her canary.

To Gladis we donate all Dutch's good looks.

To Lankey we donate all of Dutch's graceful pool shooting abilities.

To Jean all extra cookies found in D. S. room.

To Roy we present all the black eyes we have obtained in our useful career.

To Harold we present all our baked beans.

To Lola we give all our fondest hopes, hoping that she may sometime see the joke.

To Delphia B. we donate all our swiftness so that she may get to school in time.

To Eva we bequeath a carpenter.

To Leone we persent a copy of her hearts favorite, "Memories."

To Minnie we donate some speed so that she may become a runner.

To Berniece we present our foreign languages.

To Lucile we present all of Shilling's ability to hold down a piano bench.

To Gladys Evans we bequeath all our extra red tape.

To Alien we donate Dutch's famous book, "My adventures with the misses."

To Edwin we donate a copy of our class song, "Chick."

To Garth we donate a large weight for his head, so his head will not go through the ceiling in 1920.

To Verna we donate all our ability to stretch the truth.

To Mary we present our class cradle, having no further use for it.

To the entire freshman class we present all our class medals. They will be left hanging on the wall of the Assembly roomo.

To the entire school we leave the Freshman Hope.

JUNIORS



THE JUNIORS

JUNIOR HISTORY

Gladis Watson, '18

One beautiful September morning in the year of nineteen hundred fourteen, twelve active children (so to speak) came into the building known as the "High School Life." The first room into which we went was the Freshman year. In this room were Mr. O. W. Nicely and Miss Bertha Thornburg. They showed us the book of Latin into which some peered very diligently. Going farther we found another book which seemed at first very difficult to understand because of its a's and b's, n's and y's and other mysterious symbols. This was that beautiful, blue-backed one called "The Algebra." Upon another desk lay a monstrous book called the "English Book." The girls and boys were divided for these last, but not least, tasks of looking over the books of "Domestic Science" and "Manual Training." Every day brought these delightful (?) tasks. But because they did not like these tasks, or perhaps for other reasons, Helen Place, Harold Moore and Clarence White came only a short time. One morning there was a rustle at the door; the class looked up and there stood Abbie McCrory. On account of illness Ensor Conine decided to leave his work in the Freshman room to some other industrious student. The other half of the term in that room passed unevently.

The next year only six of these children came to the Sophomore's door. The three left behind were Berniece Peters, Abbie McCrory and Agnes Shull. When the high winds of March began to rage we lost another valuable student, Loretta Funk. So at the end of that term only the five-pointed star remained, the points being Dale Shull, Goldy Hull, Walter Silberg Delphia Coburn and Gladis Watson. The keepers of the door were Miss Thornburg and Mr. Kain.

When the class passed on to the Junior room, another was added, Harry Hirsch. Another teacher, too, has been added, Miss Strout. Next year we expect to go out of the building, "Not at the top, but climbing," wearing the "red rose" with "the lavender and green" forever loyal to the "S. H. S."

SOPHOMORES



THE SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE HISTORY

Jean Mumma, '19

When we started in High School last year we were just thirteen little Freshies. We did not find thirteen to be an unlucky number for we got along fine in spite of our "greenness" Near the close of the year Grace Cook dropped out of the class, but our enthusiasm was not to be dampened and we were successful in climbing up one step higher on the ladder.

This year eleven of us started in as Sophomores, Harry Hirsch having been adopted by the Junior class because he had grown wiser during the Freshman year than the others. Early in the term Joe Beerbower left us and later Della Goings. On January 27, a deep gloom was cast over the class by the death of our classmate, Karl R. Ferrell. He was a good student and his death has been a great loss to the class. The members of our class now are, Eva Watt, Leone Widdifield, Roy Bowser, Harold Miller, Lola Beam, Paul Houghton, Delphia Beam and Jean Mumma. We have fought some hard battle with Caesar, and have been perplexed over the propositions of Geometry, but we are still at it ever pressing on. We are hoping that next fall, the sun will shine on all of us as we trudge toward the dear old school again, then under the glowing colors and banners of the Junior Class.

FRESHMEN



THE FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN HISTORY

Gaylon Markle, '20

MOTTO: "We endeavor to win"
COLORS: Pink and Nile Green.
FLOWER: Pink Rose.

The history of a class one year old would not fill a very big volume, so, to make a short story long, we will begin with the happenings of last year.

In the commencement number of "The Herald" for last year you saw the picture of the eighth grade graduates, twenty in number. Each of the twenty graduates with the thought of attending High School the following term. But when the following term of school opened there were twenty-one Freshmen. While two of our class of the year before could not attend, there were three others who wished to do so, one coming from another township, and the two others starting in again after a vacation of one or two years.

Everything went along nicely for about a month and then Ralph Baker, a member of the class thought he would like to have a vacation so he withdrew from school. In a few days Laura Goings was compelled to give up her school work on account of poor health. In a few weeks Loula Evans stopped, going back to the Coburntown school. Then one morning of the second month of school, the pupils were excited over an accident, which resulted in the loss of Roscoe Place, another member, because of injury. Later another, Agnes Shull, dropped out. In March Carl Trumble, a member of the Leo High School came here to finish the first year, while Harry Peterson withdrew to work. About six weeks before the close of the term Henry Beams was compelled to give up his school work for sometime on account of sickness. There are left sixteen members of the Freshman Class.

Pres.—Lucille Rhodes.
Vice Pres.—Gaylon Markle.
Sec'y and Treas.—Mary Tyndall.



EIGHTH GRADE



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The work in domestic science has progressed very nicely this year. A two-year course is offered to those who desire to take it.

The courses in cooking have included the study of the different classes of foods, their value as foods, methods of cooking, planning well-balanced meals and dining room service.

The new sewing machine, which has been added to the department has aroused much enthusiasm and the work has improved since it came. The courses in sewing have included a study of textiles, exhibits and the making of simple garments with the emphasis placed upon neatness and simplicity.



"SAWDUSTERS AND HATCHETWIELDERS"

MANUAL TRAINING

When this subject was first introduced into the school curriculum there was much doubt in the minds of many people as to the practical value of the department.

After two years of successful work we find the sentiment has changed and now we find only favorable comment on the work done by the boys. We feel that the exhibits at the Centennial and farmers institute have done much for the boys as it shows what other school are doing.

To the boy entering the rural high school this line of work should be held indispensable. We look at them as the future farmer and business men. On them lies the responsibility for the development of community resources and improvements in social activities.

If you ask for a position in an office you are required first to prepare for that special line of work. So why should we not be prepared in vocational just the same as for professional positions.

The aim of the department has been to work out projects that can be of use in the home. As we feel any work on some trivial, useless project is time squandered.

Because of lack of equipment we are forced to limit our activities to bench woodworking. Though we make some investigations into the trades of plumbing, blacksmithing, painting, cement mixing we cannot carry these out n any practical way.

It is the hope of the school in the future to put out in society a useful man. This will mean he will need both classical and vocational education. When this is done we hope to be able to face the world with a lesser number of misfits. That every boy and girl may be guided in such a way that he may follow some vocation that will give in return a good honest living.

So to the boy just leaving the common school. You should take advantage of every bit of training you can. Any failure on your part will bring regrets to you. So enter some high school next fall. It is the next road that lies open before you. Go where you will receive the best.

ATHLETICS

Garth Shull, '20.

As our school days of this term are drawing to an end we wish to say that our boys did not win many victories being handicapped by the lack of material for a basket ball team, all the players were new except one, they have put up a good fight.

At the beginning of the term the team was not well organized and they did not have the speed in a game or the power to pass the ball quickly, but after playing some good teams with a great amount of practice the boys won honor for the S. H. S.

About this time the team was greatly weakened by the loss of one of their guards, Karl Ferrel, which again put a stop to the basket ball playing.

By this loss the boy re-organized the team, Baker and Pervines playing forward, Hollopeter jumping center in Shull's position and Shull taking Ferrel's place. They again played several games.

The two last games were played with the Auburn Y. M. C. A. Seconds, Spencerville winning both games.

Last fall tennis was the leading game and in every respect it proved to be a grand success. A Tournament was called among the school and a few sets were played but bad weather set in, putting a stop to tennis playing.

Base ball seems to be the leading game at present but it was not carried to any extent last fall.

In this game all the boys seem to be very much interested and good talent has been shown in all round positions especially in catching and pitching.

As to the Athletic Association as a whole, at the close of this season we are proud to announce our successes although they are few and far between. Although each player has shown his good spirit and helped in a way he saw best there has been many places for improvement. Let us hope that the S. H. S. will have better success next year.

Basket Ball Results

S. H. S. vs. Leo	16-22	Leo
S. H. S. vs. St. Joe	11-33	Spencerville
S. H. S. vs. St. Joe	16-22	St. Joe
S. H. S. vs. Woodburn	48-17	Spencerville
S. S. H. vs. Butler	30-42	Butler
S. H. S. vs. Antwerp	26-32	Spencerville
S. H. S. vs. Leo	24-36	Spencerville
S. H. S. vs. Leo	19-20	Spencerville
S. H. S. vs. Leo	15-16	Leo
S. H. S. vs. Harlan	16-28	Harlan
S. H. S. vs. Auburn Y. M. C. A.	28-23	Auburn
S. H. S. vs. Auburn Y. M. C. A.	28-36	Auburn

ALUMNI

It is with deepest regret and heartfelt sympathy for the family and friends that we record for the first time the death of one of our members. Mr. Herman Miller '15, who was drowned while bathing July 4, 1916. We remember Herman as a good student and one who always stood ready to do all in his power to help hold up the glory of S. H. S. Always cheerfuland jovial he holds a place in the memories of all who knew him.

The circle is broken—one seat is farsaken—
One leaf from the tree of our friendship is shaken—
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.
The heart ever open to charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure or blame,
While vainly alike on his eye and his ear
Tell the scorn of the heartless the jesting and jeer.
As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
He has passed to the world of the holy from this.

Four of our members have fallen mark for cupid and have taken on the weighty cares of matrimony. We notice that they happened to all belong to the gentler sex. Evidently they did not think the Legislature was going to give women the right to rule so soon or they would not have promised to "love and obey" so readily. The Alumni as a whole extend their congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Ethel Shutt '15 to Mr. Dayton Web, restaurant keeper of Spencerville. They are living at present with the groom's parents at Spencerville. Both these young people are well known and a host of friends join in wishing them happiness.

Miss Jennie Steward '08, formerly primary teacher of Specerville to Mr. Roscoe Walters, one time Principal of S. H. S., but now in employ of Standard Oil Co. Both are well known, always being prominent in church and society affairs of Specerville. We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Walters success and happiness. At home Laporte, Ind.

Miss Olive Jackson '14 to Paul E. Furnish of Spencerville. Both of these estimable young people have a host of friends around Spencerville and S. H. S. who join in wishing happiness and prosperity. They reside in Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Miss Maude Platter '13, former teacher, to Forrest Moore, of Hicksville, O.,Miss Platter is well known by former S. H. S.

students who wish to extend their best wishes and congratulations.

1906-1907

Grace Houck, at home, Spencerville.
Berniece Boger-Grube.

1907-1908

Connie Davis, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Ort Wearley, Physics, Akron H. S. Akron, O.
Lawrence Kriswell, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1908-1909

Bessie Hart-Klophenstien, Ft. Wayne ,Ind.
Francis Butler-Chapman, Garrett, Ind.
Edward Carnes, Bloomington, Ind.
Lester Houck, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.
Jennie Steward-Walter, Laporte ,Ind.
May Dailey-Alwood, Butler, Ind.
Clarence Steward, Teacher, Montecello, Ind.
Argyl Beams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Murray Erick, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1909-1910

Clara Shull-Platter, Butler, Ind.
Robert Beams, Overland Garage, Spencerville, Ind.
Gladys Nelson-Rickett, Garrett, Ind.
Pearl Pervines-Nigh.
Vera Silberg, Teacher Spencerville, Ind.

1910-1911

Merritt Maxwell, Grammar Room, St. Joe, Ind.
Franc Rodenbaugh-Wiers, St. Joe, Ind.
Gladys Kain, Intermediate Room, St. Joe, Ind.
Murray Erick, Mechanical Engineer, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Gladys Nelson-Rickett, Garrett, Ind.
Clara Shull-Platter, Butler, Ind.

1911-1912

Alva Place, Farmer, St. Joe, Ind.
William Goings, Farmer, St. Joe, Ind.
Fred Steward, Steward Grain and Lumber Company.
Ernest Steward, Overland Garage, Spencerville, Ind.
George Poince, Student Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.
Paul Curie, Curie Implement Store, St. Joe, Ind.
Ida Reed, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.
Iva Zehner-Hollobaugh, Spencerville, Ind.
Charlotte Miller, Primary Grades, Spencerville, Ind.

1912-1913

W. Beeks Erick, Mail Carrier, Spencerville, Ind.

George Hart, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.
Leila Horn, General Electric Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
John House, Painter and Paperhanger, Detroit, Mich.
Maude Platter-Moore, Hicksville, Ohio.
Stanley Shutt, Graduate Ft. Wayne Business College, Spencerville, Ind.
Ruth Gratz, Teacher, Spencerville, Ind.
Forrest Kain, Principal of H. S. Spencerville, Ind.
Ruth Essig, Teacher, Auburn, Ind.
Bessie Kinsey, at home, St. Joe, Ind.

1913-1914

Hubert Shook, Medical Student, Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.
Mark Shull, Grammar Grades, Spencerville, Ind.
Gertrude Shutt, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
Hazel Steward, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
LeAnna Wearley, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
Olive Jackson-Furnish, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Howard Pervines, Intermediate room, Spencerville, Ind.
Walter Coburn, Teacher, St. Joe, Ind.
Merwin Place, General Electric Works, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

1914-1915

Mark Tyndall, General Electric Works, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Violette Tyndall, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
Gladys Conine, Student Tri-State Normal, Angola, Ind.
Herman Miller, deceased.
Ethel Soule, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
Herbert Ginther, Teacher, Hicksville, O.
Ethel Shutt-Webb, Spencerville, Ind.

1915-1916

Marie Miller, at home, Auburn, Ind.
Paul Wasson, Employed on Wabash Railroad, Montpelier, O.
Faye Wilmot, employed at Wilmot Restaurant, St. Joe, Ind.
Donald Shook, Farmer Spencerville, Ind.
Marie Hull, at home, Spencerville, Ind.
S. Tennyson Wearley, Co. E., O. N. Guards on border duty, El Paso, Texas.
Dewey Beaber, Student, International Business Collego, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Harold Beam, Farmer, Spencerville, Ind.
Levi Mumma, Student Wittenberg College, Springfield, O.

THE HERALD

Price 35c.

EDITORS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Wellington Miller, '17
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....Cecil Hollopeter, '17

ASSOCIATES

BUSINESS MANAGER.....Howard Shilling, '17

Literary Editors

Cecil Hollopeter, '17 — Harry Hirsch, '18
Gayton Markle, '20 — Eva Watt, '19

Athletic Editors

Garth Shull, '20 — Goldy Hull, '18

Local and Personal

Cecil Hollopeter, '17 — Henry Beams, '20
Leone Widdifield '19 — Dale Shull, '18

BOARD OF CONTROL

Miss Thornburgh — Miss Strout
Mr. Kain — Walter Silberg, '18

LITERARY

SIXTEEN

Delphia Coburn, '18

Ann Gregory did not know what to do about her youngest daughter. She was altogether different from her two older sisters, Harriet and Esther, who were very dignified and quiet and cared for nothing but books. But Drusilla! She was wild and lively. At thirteen she had flamed into beauty and at sixteen, her present age, had lengthened her dresses to her shoetops and pinned up her beautiful brown curls. She read books of the dime-novel variety which her mother would destroy before she could finish them if possible. The young people of both sexes admired her and to her mother's distress, she permitted the particular attention of one of the young men, Alan Roberts.

One day when Mrs. Gregory was talking to a neighbor about her children Dru overheard her and decided to be altogether different from her two dignified sisters.

Mrs. Gregory would consent to any of Dru's wishes. It seemed as if she couldn't refuse her because she was so affectionate and willing to do anything she wished her to do. The first thing she must do was to gain her daughter's confidence, win her by gifts, tenderness and favors.

Mrs. Gregory was expecting her two older daughters home in a few days. She shuddered to think of it. She knew how they would criticise and find fault with Dru, and she was also afraid they would mar the affection that was between herself and Dru. She could hardly bear to think of having her cold, stately daughters around when she was used to only lively and loving Dru.

One morning while they were talking about the senior reception and dance and Dru's outfit for the evening, the postman brought a letter announcing that Esther and Harriet, her daughters, were coming home that afternoon. Mrs. Gregory was afraid they would complain because she was going to let Dru go to the reception, and with Alan Roberts.

Esther arrived just after dinner but as she was the weaker of the two, she had little to say. Dru and Alan were gone before Harriet telephoned from the depot. She asked whether Drusilla was going to the reception and Mrs. Gregory replied that she had gone. Harriet said she thought she had seen Dru dressed in a dark blue serge with a young man with a traveling bag at the depot. Mrs. Gregory said it wasn't Dru as she wore a white dress but nevertheless, greatly shocked she hung up the receiver. Dru had just such an outfit.

Mrs. Gregory went up stairs to Dru's room. There in the closet was Dru's party clothes but her tan hat and blue serge were gone. Her first thought was that Dru had eloped with Alan. She could not sleep all night. But when morning came she went to Dru's room. There she lay sleeping as soundly as

if nothing hadh appened. She wanted to waken and have her explain, but let her sleep on.

After breakfast as soon as Dru had an opportunity she told her mother all. She said Alan had a position in the city where he must begin work early in the morning and she had gone to the depot to see him off. She told her mother about the conversation she had overheard when she had been talking to her neighbor about her children.

They looked at each other and then burst out laughing. Dru decided she would get to work with Harreit as her tutor and be able to take the exmainations in the fall. Her mother kissed her and told her she would be pleased, but she must not wear her dark blue serge for a month or so and must burn up her tan hat.

THE RAISE

Goldy Hull, '18.

Mr. and Mrs. Plannet had always been in the habit of giving a large Garden Party to their friends.

This year Mr. Plannet's salary was not sufficiently high to enable them to do so. hTey were trying to pay for their new home and there was not enough extra money to provide for the party.

Mrs. Plannet carefully counted the cost and decided, that even if she could dispense with the cook and other needed help, it could not be done.

One noon when Mr. Plannet came home he knew that his wife was troubled about something. When he asked her what it was, she reminded him, how each summer before they had entertained their friends, who would expect it again. He detrmined to have the money in some way.

That afternoon when he went to work again as eashier in the bank, he asked about an increase in his wages.

They told him there was no chance, as Mr. Vermillion, the millionaire, who was their hhief depositer had withdrawn his aldount and had transferred it to a western bank where he was going, expectin never to return. That P. M. while Mr. Plannet worked he was thinking very hard.

In the evening when he went home, Mrs. Plannet was in the door, she thought that by the look on his face, that something had happened. He told her he had got the raise all right ten more dollars a week now, and that they could now have the Garden Party, and could begin to lay aside money to buy their new home.

Preparations for the party to be given in about two months began. The party was announced and invitations sent.

Mr. Plannet's fellow-employees in the bank noticed how he and Mrs. Plannet were again entering society, and wondered how they could do it on the salary he was getting. The books which Mr. Plannet kept were looked over, in his absence, but he had not been getting his money in that way.

The party was a success. News came thes ame evening, that Mr. and Mrs. Vermillion, good friends of the Plannets, were returning to their old home.

Another dinner was now planned to weleome them home. On the night of the dinner after the rest of the guests were gone, Mr. Vermillion learned from Mr. Plannet the circumstances of the bank, and when he knew what his millions could do, he again deposited his money in the bank.

All the employees now got a raise of fifteen dollars. Mrs.

Plannet noticed that Mr. P. only got twenty dollars the next week after the increase, she asked him why, and he then told her how he had given himself the other raise, by simply adding to his due salary ten dollars of his advance salary. Now that they really had an advance he would make it even by only drawing twenty of the thirty he was supposed to get.

THE PROMISE THAT WAS NOT KEPT

Leone Widdifield, '19.

On Fourth Street, in New York City, there stood a beautiful little cottage: climbing roses and vines twined in and out, covering the entire front of the house. The well-kept garden, in old English style with the small, but beautiful fountain in the centre, seemed to invite one to come in, to enjoy a quiet afternoon. Everything, like the garden, had an old-fashioned air. Even the surrounding modern mansions and villas could not break the solitude and peacefulness that the little cottage seemed to offer.

Within, the house carried out the same old-fashioned ideas; everything was as cozy and homelike as a woman's hand could make it.

In a room, on the south side of the house, lay a beautiful woman of, perhaps, thirty-five years of age. Although young, long years of suffering had turned the once black hair gray and had brought the dark lines of sorrow around her eyes and the wrinkles in her brow.

She was dying; her eyes were resting, with a last loving look, upon her little son and daughter.

Little Charles Richmond was just ten years old, with mischievous eyes and handsome black hair. May, his sister, was six years old; she had pretty blue eyes and golden hair. Both children were kneeling beside the bed, with their arms around their mother.

"Dear mamma," little May whispered, "don't go 'way and leave us. Brother and I will be all alone."

The dying mother took her little daughter's face and kissed her; placed the little chubby hand in that of Charles and said—"Dear Charles, I want you to promise me that you will never drink any kind of liquor and promise always to take care of your sister."

Perhaps the poor woman was thinking of her husband, who had been a drunkard and whom she had not seen for five years. Not wishing her son to follow in his father's way, she made him promise this.

"Yes, dear mother," the boy answered, "I promise—but do you have to—leave—us?" The woman kissed away the boys tears and replied: "Yes, dears, I must leave you. Stay with Mammy Sue, your nurse, and obey her. She will take care of you and will tell you what to do. Always be good children; there—good-by—my—darli—"

Mammy Sue, their old negro nurse, took the children from the room, telling them their mother was dead.

* * * * * *

Twenty years have gone by. Charles is a man of thirty now and has become a successful young electrician, in demand all over the city.

Among his acquaintances is a man whose name is Jack Crawford. Crawford is a man you can not understand: he seems to have an influence over young Charles that is astonishing and which he uses in an evil way. It was he who first of-

fered the wine glass to Charles Richmond. So Charles, led by this man, went the downward road so fast that he soon became a victim of the opium as well as the drink habit.

May, left much of the time to herself, began to wish for pleasures which other girls have. She became acquainted with a society girl, and with her, became a frequent visitor of the cafes, cabarets and theatres.

One night Charles came hom from business tired and discouraged, and sat down in the library. All day long he had been haunted by his mother's face and by his promise to her. He knew he had broken that promise. He knew he must answer to his mother, in Heaven, for this broken promise.

His sister stepped into the library; she was dressed in evening dress with a velvet wrap thrown over her bare shoulders. "Charles," she said, "You will have to eat dinner by yourself tonight. I am going out with Mr. Brahm."

"I want you to quit this life, little sister," said Charles; "quit your associates. If you will, I will drop my evil companions, quit drinking and start all over again. We will leave New York and go to some quiet town, where we can live the way mother would want us to live."

"Why, Charles, I can't do that! Quit my friends and pleasures of Broadway! Why it is impossible. You seem to think of me rather suddenly. Why didn't you think like this before I began this kind of life? It is too late now—too late. I can't—I won't stop it. If you will remember you left me to my own solitary life, without any pleasures and I got lonesome. You failed me—I found others who gave me some pleasure. I I won't quit it. Here is Mr. Brahm now. I must go. Hope you enjoy your lonely dinner as well as I did when you left me alone nights. Good night."

How that sneer hurt him. Despairingly he left the house, ate his dinner at a cafe, and once more found himself in the street. As was his custom his feet led him to the saloon.

That night he and Jack Crawford fought over a game of cards Crawford shot Charles and wounded him severely. He was taken immediately to the hospital and while there, died. His last thoughts were of his mother and as he died he murmured. "Oh, Mother in Heaven, forgive me for—my—broken promise."

A broken promise, a broken heart, and a wasted life. Was he forgiven by his Mother and by a just God in Heaven?

REVERIES

Howard Shilling, '17

Gradually one by one the days pass by and finally grow into weeks and months. Autumn and winter have come and gone with their pleasant recollections. Days of toil, joy and sorrow have slipped silently by, molding and forming their impressions of the old school days upon our minds.

The Seniors, especially, are coming to realize how short their school days have really been. Why, it seems as if it were only last fall that we entered high school as Freshmen, and now we must leave; yes, we must leave school, but we can still retain the memory of our life while there. We will be separated, no doubt, separated in person but not in thoughts and we shall always remember the happy times we had as Freshmen, Sophomores, Junior and, lastly, as dignified Seniors.

It may be our lot to be stationed great distances from this, the scene of our school days and from the members of the

Senior Class, yet if we will give but a short time to our thought they will return to the days spent here in school. Our school life might not have been just what we anticipated, or have passed along smoothly; yet, before us looms up a miniature picture in which we plainly see the school room, our fellow-students and classmates: or possibly the faculty. With some of us, these may not be the first among our reveries; it may be the day when it was good fishing and we took advantage of the occasion, or it may be a day in Spring when Mother Nature has shed her winter coat and the river looks so inviting.

Our reveries may not be altogether those of our school day: they may be those of the days outside of the school-room. We will find undoubtedly that the ones of our school life are more pleasant than all the others. There seems to be a fascination or a something back of this which is different.

As each one of us start in on our High School education, the long weeks and months of hard study and thought seem far beyond our reach, in fact, they seem almost impossible. Yet we tug along through each day which seems a week and put forth the effort as best we can and finally he day draws to a close. We turn homeward with cheery faces but return the following day dreading the work before us. Thus on and on we go through the days, the weeks, the months, until finally they have grown into years; years never to return to us again. Now as we look back over them we see these few months of study from a different view point.

The old school bell, which has brought many a student into the schoolroom who would much rather have been at play, will ring out next fall with a melody which will call us back to the old S. H. S. This will be in vain as we will be gone,—gone to work in new fields and with new responsibilities placed upon us. At the present we do not fully realize what it means when we cannot answer the summons of the old school bell; the reveries of the school and its students will come up before us at this time more than at any other.

The last four years of our school education will be the foundation upon which depends our life's activities. In another sense it is the broadening or filling out of our will power. It prepares us better for the great difficulties and changes which are common in the lives of all of us. As we pass on through the ages we must prepare ourselves for the great changes and variations in the times and customs of the day and age of the world that we may be ready for every situation that presents itself;; that we can be able to serve this to the best advantage not only to ourselves but also to others.

The school room has much the same characteristics of a fountain, always changing yet ever the same. Each year we see new faces and new homes represented; and we also miss the faces of those that have passed on to some higher activities. All this we may sum up and yet say that it is the same old school room filled with those seeking the same heights.

Let us then take up and pick out the best of all the principles that we have been brought in contact with he past four years, and apply them to our every day life that we may thereby live more noble and upright lives in the years to come.

THE INITIATION

Lois Smith, '20.

In most High Schools there is more or less of a rivalry between the Sophomore and the Freshmen classes; but in this

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school everything had been going smoothly until near the close of the year, when the Sophomores decided to entertain the Freshmen at the home of one of the Sophomores.

That evening when the party had all arrived at the home, they were entertained a while by playing diffrent games. But it was not long until the unsuspecting Freshmen were gathered in one room. Then the initiation for which they were unprepared began. One of the boys was called out into the kitchen, where he was blindfolded, and asked to kneel. He was then told to take a drink of water from a pan in front of him. Thinking it best to enter into their plans with alacrity, he proceeded to drink eagerly, but succeeded in getting, not water, but a mouthful of flour.

While this was going on in the kitchen the rest of the Freshmen were not asleep in the other room. They had found a window which could be raised, and had escaped from the room and lost no time in finding places to hide in various parts of the neighborhood.

When the Sophomores came to the room to get another Freshman they found the room deserted ,but the open mindow pointed to the way of escape.

They were soon out on a search for the missing Freshmen. For a long time they scoured various parts of the neighborhood in vain. They were on the point of giving up the search, when on their return home through an orchard they found three of the girls. One by one, the others were found, and taken to the house, where they received about the same treatment as the first victim had. Thus with a great deal of work the Sophomore class succeeded in initiating all the Freshmen but one boy, who had escaped and was watching all the fun.

After the trying experiences of the initiation all were ready to do full justice to the dainty lunch which was served. At ten o'clock everyone departed for home, in the best of spirits.

But the end was not yet. The next Monday at school the tide began to turn. The Sophomores began to realize that they were not exempt from initiation, even though they had been permitted to enjoy almost two years of peace. Several were forced to submit to a liberal application of burnt cork. Finally, however a truce was declared, and things ran smoothly once more.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT

When we were all in History class,
And everything was dandy,
While Delphia was discussing Napoleon's Pass,
We saw Kain eating candy.

The next day we thought it would be fine
If he should have some handy,
That we should all fall in line,
And ask him to pass the candy.

Now our spirits were not so low,
For 'twas almost time to pass,
But we think Kain went below
'Cause he did not call the class.

Freshie: "There is something preying on my mind."
Soph: "Never mind. It will starve to death."—Ex.

PUBLIC SPIRIT

Public Spirit, what is it? Noah Webster's interpretation of it is—"a spirit of interest in the public welfare of the community combined with an effort to serve t." Then we gather from this that not only must we have the interese of the community at heart but to manifest that interest, to show it, to prove it by our efforts to serve it, by our efforts to help that community along and to make it rise, by our efforts to help our fellowman : it means that we must be unselfish ; it means that we must be willing to stand by our community and our fellowmen through thick and thin.

This public spirit, or pride, for it is a pride, though not one that is a haughty, boastful, or showy pride, one that looks down upon others as with scorn, but a pride that s unselfish, a prde that is more a sense of honor and respect for ourselves and our fellowman), like many other good qualities, starts in the home, for there we are first taught the value of it and also taught to have it. But if we are not taught it in the home by our parents then we must learn ourselves to have it, (for we soon learn that its value is of the greatest) and there in the home to perfect it in ourselves.

Since "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and not only that, but because it is the only firm foundation of good health, and only escape from disease, it must come first. We must keep ourselves clean and neat before we can keep the community clean. Keeping ourselves clean the next thing to do is to clean up and keep everything in order in and around our home, to get some pride or public spirit for our own home and in our own home. If we keep ourselves clean and endeavor to keep the home clean we will soon wield an influence for the good and that influence will be felt. The others will soon become ashamed and will soon "catch" our spirit.

Having accomplished this we are ready for the next step, and that is to clean our front yard and back lot, garden or any plot of ground in the immediate vicinity of our home, for what is within must spread and come out as a seed planted in the ground, (if it is good) cannot lay hidden in the ground but must come out first as a sprout, a little later it will take on a full bloom and then it will blossom and bear fruit. Thus it is also with man. Once a good seed or spirit is planted in a heart, this spirit or pride, not the haughty, but the honorable or manly one is bound to bring results. It is these results which blossom and bloom into good habits, habits of doing good deeds and kind acts. After the blossom comes the fruit, the most desired of all. This fruit will not be the reputation which, though it will in all probability come along with the fruit, is not the fruit because it is uncertain and very often not lasting. But the real fruit is the character we are forming for when the heart becomes brimmed up with good, it will overflow and will find an outlet in ourselves and come to the surface so that others will see and know by our every word, manner and outward appearance what is within us. This spirit of pride in doing good and in the good n ourselves and in our fellowman will become contagious or "catching" so that it will be public or there will be a feeling of public spirit.

When going to school we resent all remarks made concerning our class and school. We have a "class spirit" and a "school spirit" but these and many others like them are in reality only branches or portions of a public spirit which we all possess to a more or less degree. You may say that a certain

person or school or community does not possess such a spirit, but that is not true, for though we may overlook it, though we may suppress it, still it is there and will always be there. It may have been smothered, but it is still smoldering and if a little kindling is applied it wll leap up into a bright flame. And what is better kindling than a smile, a genuine smile, (if it isn't genuine then force it, it soon will become a real one) along with a cheerful word and a helping hand wherever it can be given? And so this public spirit will become a fountain of helpfulness gushing forth good deeds, kind acts and many helps for ourselves and our fellowman, and those things which will help each of us to share one another's burdens, to become a help rather than a hindrance, to set a good example rather than a bad, to cease tempting our brother in his weakness but to extend a helping hand, aiding him to stand so that in the course of time he will be able to stand alone and shoulder his own burdens. We shall cease to envy or hate our brother when we shall all be merged in this spirit, a trust in each other, and pride in our selves, our brother or fellowman, our community in general, in ous, a united nation and the world and man in a grand co-operation of fellowship and good feeling, an embodiment of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Again I say, What is public spirit? It is the uplifting of man, the raising of our standards, an edification of all that is good. If we have the interest of the boy or girl at heart, the interest of this paper, of this school, of this community, of this nation, of the public, the people and man in general it is good, but it is not enough. We must manifest them by working, by helping, by doing our best to help that boy or girl along, by our goodness, kindness, and appreciation, by helping this paper with your mind, spirit and pocketbook, (buy a paper, don't read the other fellows) by your appreciation of the good work done by the school, not onlyin mental and physical training, but in moral and spiritual training, character building; by helping your community to rise, to do good things and in general become a help instead of a hindrance to mankind so that our lives and the lives of our fellowmen may not be in vain. It is by eternally always boosting and forgetting that there is such a thing as knocking. In a word summing it all up, PUBLIC SPIRIT means to BOOST with a big B and not to KNOCK.

What does PUBLIC SPIRIT mean to you? Think it over and decide for yourself. Then put your decision into action! into effect! make it bring results!

The Schoolboy of 1918

Teacher—"Sterilized Steven, do you bring with you a disinfected certificate of birth, baptism and successful vaccination?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your lower forearm inoculated with correct cholera serum?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you a Pasteurized certificate of immunity from croup, cold feet and cholera morbus?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you promise for yourself, your heirs and assigns, for all ages, to use sterilized milk?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly covenant to soak your slate in sulphur fumes?"

"I promise."

"Will you adjure every companion that sniffles?"

"I abjure."

"Do you promise to use an antiseptic slate sponge and confine yourself to individual chewing gum?"

(Sadly) "Yes, ma'am."

"Then extract that one remaining milk tooth, tie a formaldehyde bag 'round your neck, and make your will. Come tomorrow, and you will be assigned an insulated seat in this sanitary schoolhouse."—Life.

If it cost to smile some of us would never be in debt.

Tommy came home from school and handed his father the teacher's report on his work during the month.

Father: "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom. Your marks are poor. I'm not at all pleased with it."

Tom: "I told her you wouldn't be, but she wouldn't alter it."

Tactless Lady Friends to Hostess: "By the way, what birthday is this we are celebrating?"

Hostess: "My thirty-fifth."

"But haven't we celebrated that before?"

"Oh, yes! It is one of my favorite birthdays."

Proud Mother (to Swedish cook): "My son is coming home from Yale today!"

Cook: "Bane that so? My son bane in Yail five times already."—Ex.

First Girl—How do they ever get the boys clean after a game?

Second Girl (wisely)—Didn't you know they had a scrub team.

Teacher—"What three words are more used by students than any other words?"

Senior—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct."

Fresh—How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?

Soph (wisely)—Don't let 'em turn in.

Complete Revenge

Two young bootblacks who have stands close together quarreled the other day.

"I'll get even with that guy yet," vowed the smaller boy.

"Goin' to fight him, are ye, Jimmy?" he was asked.

"Naw! When he gets throo polshin' a gent I'm goin' to say ter that gent soon's he steps off the chair, 'Shine, sir, shine?' "

Mrs. Stubbins—"Do you like codfish balls?"

New Boarder—"I don't know, Mrs. Stubbins, I never attended one."

Mr. Kain: (In Geometry) What is formed when two faces coincide?

Junior (bashfully) Er-er-really I don't know.

Fresh—Why is a horse with his head hanging low like next Monday?

Soph—I don't know.

Fresh—Because its neck's week.—Ex.

Teacher—"Define kiss."

Pretty Girl—"A noun, both common and proper and seldom declined."

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked,
And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess,
We printed a large edition.

Toot! Toot!

Traveler to smart Senior standing on railroad platform—"How long does this passenger train stop here?"

Smart Senior—"From two to two to two, two."

A Senior's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Electric heater at my feet.
If it should get cold before the dawn,
I pray the Lord to turn it on.

Irate Diner: "Say, waiter, you've got your thumb in that soup."

Waiter: "That's all right. It ain't hot."

A dejected man entered and said to Shylock: "I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid."

"Sorry," said Shylock, "You got into the wrong store. We deal in hardware only, but we have a choice line of ropes, razors and revolvers."

The prisoner threw the magazine across the cell in disgust and cursed eloquently.

"Nothing but continued stories," he growled, "and I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Bob—"Hello! I'm awfully glad to see you!"

Dihk—"I guess there must be some mistake. I don't owe you anything, and I'm not in a condition to place you in a position to owe me anything."—Selected.

We wish to call the attention of the public to the following firms whose generous advertising have made this issue possible. We wish to thank all out of town advertisers and especially the merchants of Hicksville for their interest in us. We urge all our readers when in these towns to Patronize our Advertisers.

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S. H. S. CALENDAR

Sept. 18, '16—School opens—Forty-one start serving eight months sentenee at S. H. S.

19—Lankey, that enlightened Sophomore sweeps floor with tablet.

20—No one has any doubts now as to residences of Freshmen, because of the stick candy and apples on

22—Henry, the freshie, wears his cap in school room at recess.

25—AnotherSophomore, Joe Beerbower enters school.

26—Herald Staff organized.

27—Some senior boys give themselves away by wearing Hughes badges.

Oct 2, '16—Blue Monday.

3—Girls decide to make tennis court.

4—Move expense. Freshies must have a cradle, so un-

5—School dismissed at noon; no one sorry. comfortable to sleep in their seats, (Rsocoe?)

6—Everyone goes to Centennial at Auburn.

9—Senior boys just can't stay awake, can they? Wellington?

10—Juniors happy when Mr. Kain does not arrive at noon, no History.

12—Mr. Kain gets a hair cut.

13—All agree that tests were fine this week.

16—Mighty queer—everyone sleepy again this Monday.

17—Harry Hirsch gets a hair cut.

19—Cecil shows ability to catch flies.

20—First snow.

23—Sophomore girls perform miracle, make rocks (cookies.)

24—We believe that Mr. Kain likes to teach the girls as he called D. S. class this morning.

30—Two excuses due, Mr. Kain and Miss Thornburg late to school this morning.

Nov. 1, '16—Cecil has new understanding, (new pair of shoes.)

6—Roscoe loses his curls at barber shop.

7—Cecil so interested in his dreams just before noon, he doen't wake up in time to march out with the rest.

8, 9 and 10—Dryer than Sahara's Desert.

13—Kain commits murder.

14—A very tragic week, Wellington Miller tries to commit suicide down at Basket Ball Hall, hits his head on a nail.

15—Lola thinks she has the mumps.

16—Freshies and Sophs have been through the mill—grist mill. Miss Strout takes them through.

22—Beams girls get here on time.

20—Lankey has a new pair of shoes.

23—Miss Strout has new by-words, "Turn Around."

27—S. S. H. Students receive bad news school on Friday after Thanksgiving.

28—A '16 graduate visits school, Faye.

29—Another '16 graduate visits us, Dewey.

Dec. 1, '16—Dewey again visits school.

7—Harry H. gets weak in the knees in Com. Arith. class.

8—Freshies play in water brought in for painting.
9—Saturday, Social at S. H. S.
11—Some desks look like garbage cans this morning.
12—Lankey shows authority and superiority over the majority.
13—Roy has music in his soul (sole.)
14—Three little(?) freshies have to stay after school.
18—Dark, dreary, dismal, disagreeable Monday.
19—Kain wears a black eye.
20—Miss Strout spills ink, don't cry Kain will pick it up
21—A sudden rising in class room in History III. Walter Silberg sit on a tack.
22—Marie Hull, '16, visits school.
23-Jan. 2—Vacation for the hard-worked.
2—School again open.
3—Harold M. solves the H. S. coal problem, goes to sleep, saws enough wood to lest rest of term.
4—Levi Mumma, '16 visits S. H. S.
5—Lankey gets his raven locks cut.
10—Two seniors each eat an onion down town at noon to break up their cold, early broke up school.
11, 12—No time for happenings—exams.
15—Beams girls again here on time.
16—Lucile has a fit at last recess. Miss Strout fits her apron on her.
18—Joe Beerbower again at S. H. S. as a visitor.
23—Hair pulling math—Cecil and Edwin.
26—Walter S. here on time every A. M. this week, good.
27—Saturday, Karl leaves us.
30—Karl's funeral.
31—Harold very silent all day, wouldn't talk to any one, bad cold, couldn't.
Feb. 1,'17—Juniors very glad that Miss Strout was a judge at Institute, no Botany.
5—Mr. Kain again missing, must be at Decatur.
6—Leone must be thinking of bygone times, plays "Memories" every chance she gets.
7—Chewing match at noon, Dale comes up from town chewing a match.
8—Preparations for Negro Minstrel begin at 8:30 this A. M.
13—Seniors seen once with dirty hands and faces.
14—Kain sos leep in History III class, he had to stand pu so he would know when he was asleep. Rode the K. of P. goat.
19—Bluer Monday.
22—Flax seed flying.
26—People think the Botany class crazy for going on a hike, wonder if they think we would wait until next fall to study buds.
27—"Spring am come," two flies seen at S. H. S., Dale murders one.
28—Mr. Kain must be going to Decatur, he looks so happy today.
Mar. 2, '17—Harry Hirsch wears a black eye.
5—Bluest Monday.
6—New freshie enters school.
7—Faculty and seniors give a free concert at noon.
8—Freshies cannot wait until noon for dinner, eat cookies in school.

9—Senior, bad as freshies, think of a dignified senior eating peanuts in school.

12—Lankey combs his hair with a ruler.

13—Delphia! chairs and seats were made to sit on, not the floor.

14—George Doll and his new pompadour come to school.

15—Harry H. tells English class that Benj. Franklin discovers electricity.

16—Lankey wears a 7⅝hat.

17—Sat. Freshies need no shamrocks.

19—Another freshie pomp, Verna Reed.

20—Cecil wears a black eye.

21—Mr. Kain, really do we dare eat candy in History class?

22—Everyone trying to beat everyone else making noise.

23—Think of a Junior sitting on the floor at recess and then running around with a handkerchief tied full of knots pinned to his coat.

26—Lankey receive a terrible wound, gets a hair cut.

27—Miss Strout years a smile!!!

28—Garth gets a hair cut. Sophs try to initiate freshmen, but when they got through, you couldn't tell whirh had been initiated. Sam Wearley '16 and John Shutt, two of Uncle Sam's boys visit S. H. S.

29—Lankey primps for about fifteen minutes before having his picture taken.

Apr. 3, '17—Lankey goes from one side of the room to the other to the different sets of encyclopedias, so his 7⅝ hat will fit.

WHY?

We would all like to know,
Why Mike is so slow
In the morning.

Most anyone at eight,
Will see him just closing the gate
Of the barnyard.

Then when we are all in school
And observing every rule,
He comes in.

Some say he is keeping batch
And forgot to fasten the latch
Of the cowshed.

The cattle of course got out
And all were running about
In the highway.

Others say its his aim
To arrive about the same
Time in the morning.

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PHONE NO. 7 ∴ SPENCERNILLE, IND.

Announcing Spring Styles

Within the next few weeks all nature will put on its clothes of spring. Every tree will have a new dress of verdant green, every bird a new coat of more brilliant feathers, men too feel the desire that is going the round and wishes to attire himself in accordance with the joyous budding of spring.

If you want to enjoy the fullness of the spirit, nothing will add to it so much as a new suit or dress.

We wish to announce a complete line of new and appropriate merchandise for this gala occasion. The most beautiful creations, the season has brought forth, direct from New York and Chicago where our buyer has spent several weeks selecting it are now on display.

We want to extend to you a most cordial invitation to pay us a visit and see the beautiful things we have in store for you. Whether you buy or not you'll enjoy seeing them and we will enjoy showing them to you.

Remember you'll do better at

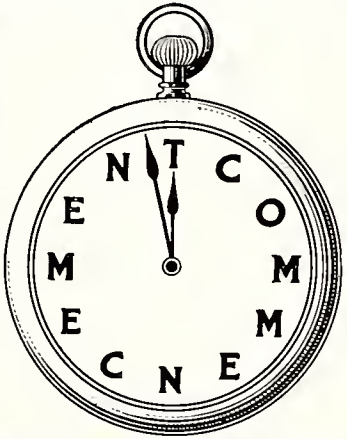
SCHAAB'S

AUBURN, INDIANA

International Business College

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT



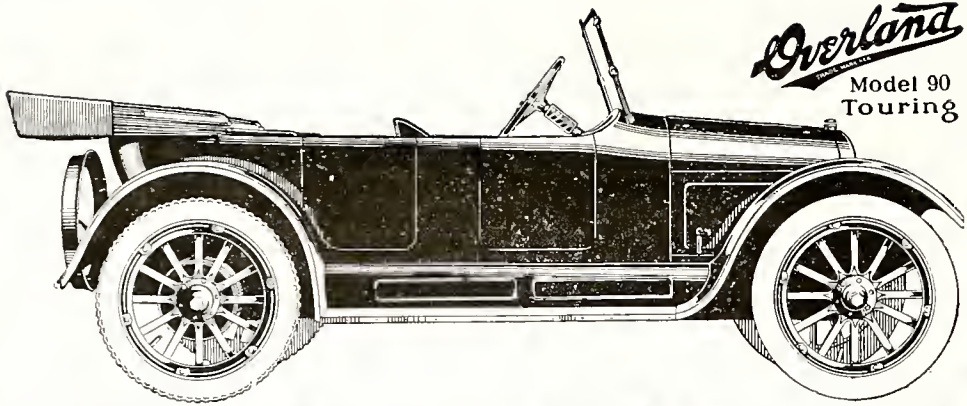
NOW is the time to lay your foundation with an efficient business college training. As the time of commencement draws nigh, it should be thoughts of all graduates to gain a business training.

Life is a business proposition—we get out of it just about what we put into it.

Your Opportunity is Before You

Fall Term Opens Sept. 4, 1917. Catalogue Free.

T. S. STAPLES, President. ∴ H. A. POPP, Vice Pres.



Modle "90" illustrated in this ad. is one of the best built cars on the market, and no competive line can reach it in value under eight hundred dollars.

Price of "90" $695. Other cars: "Big 4" $895, Light Six $1025, also other modles up to $1950.

Call and see the line of Overlands for this year. We also handle a complete line of accessories & tires. Repair work reasonable

STEWARD & BEAMS, SPENCERVILLE, IND.

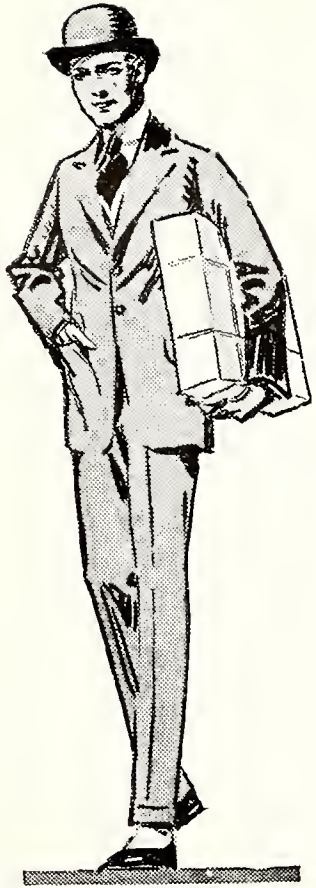
Others Do, Why Not You

TRADE WITH

E. R. KINSEY

Hardware ═══ **Furniture** ═══ **Undertaking**

ST. JOE, INDIANA. ∵ MOTOR HEARSE.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Sport Suits for Work or Play

You'll like the feeling and look of these smartly belted coats. And they belong just as well to office life as outdoor life.

All sport suits have belts—many variations; all-wool fabrics.

Smartest style going.
Best values in town.

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Maxwell Bros. - Hicksville, Ohio

PENSLAR STORE

Drugs **Toilet Articles** **Stationery**

Sundries **Wall Paper & Paints** **Candies**

Highest Quality and Good Service

MISS - GOLDEN - MURRAY

SPENCERVILLE, INDIANA.

Professor to classieal student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atas?"

Student: "I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rieh wife, and got his support from her father."

Sophomore (angrily)—It is reported that you said I had a bad case of the big head.

Freshman (calmly)—There's nothing in it.—Ex.

Soph. I:—"Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Sonh. II:—"Because if I were not I could not pursue them."

Soph:—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshman:—"No, who teaches it?"

Mr. K:—"How do you get rid of 2 pi in the first equation?"

Bright Soph.:—"Eat it."

He—I hear Mr. and Mrs. Brown never fight in the house.

She—No. They go out in the yard. There's more room.

Bright pupil translating:—"Caesar, er er tried to er er"—

Teacher:—"Don't laugh pupils— to err is human."

FOR SALE—Baker's business; good large oven; present owner has been in for seven years; best reasons for leaving.

LIVERY and FEED

Big Red Barn Auto Service

H. L. GREEN

East St. Both Phones Auburn Ind.

G. W. Erick

Dry Goods and Groceries.

Highest market prices paid for produce, cash or trade

Before Selling Your Wool

Get my prices. Honest Weight and Fair Dealing, My Motto.

Every One Who

appreciates a combination of good style

and good value, will find our store a satisfactory place to buy clothing and shoes. Our guarantee of satisfaction on everything we sell is your protection.

People's Clothing and Shoe Store

North of Court House AUBURN, IND.

When you Want a Good Pair of Shoes or Slippers

Come to our store; we have everything for the Feet at Right Prices.

BEIDLERS - SHOE - STORE

Blodgett's Studio

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

As time is passing, separation of Family and Friends must come and the family picture is of value beyond price, it gives visible memories of home

$2 Large Picture Free this Month

Blodgett's Studio

Lumber for a Church or a Chicken Coop

We are just as eager to sell a few boards for a chicken coop or a dog kennel as we are to get an order for all the lumber in a big building, and even in the busiest season will try to fill the little order as promptly as the big one. That's fair, isn't it!

WHEN YOU WANT BUILDING MATERIAL CALL ON

STEWARD LUMBER & GRAIN CO., Spencerville, Ind.

Wise Sayings.

Do not kick at the squirrel that runs up to you in the park; it may be only a mistake in identity. He thought he saw a nut.

A bald head is like paradise. There is no parting there.

Principal--Don't you want to support your school paper?"

Freshman—"No, sir; it has a staff."

Instructor—"Is 'egg' masculine, feminine or neuter gender?"

Student—"You can't tell until it hatches."—Exchange.

Life is one Dear thing after another.

Love is two Dear things after each other.

Berneice (in D. S. class)—I wish I could hire some one to clean out my sewing box.

Minnie—How much would you pay us?

Berneice—O! a Shilling.

(Note) We wonder if she meant Howard.

Miss Strout (In Domestic Science resitation on fish.)

Lois, you may give the composition of feet. Oh! I meant fish.

"Mary, if you refuse to marry me, I'll get a rope and hang myself in front of your door."

"Please don't, John. You know that father doesn't want you hanging around here."

VISIT

H. L. LAWRENCE

Family Foot Fitter

When You are Interested in Shoes

High Grade Footwear Only

AUBURN, - - - IND.

E. M. Bilderback, Jr.

Dealer In

Harness, Whips, Flynets, and Robes

Everything in the Harness Line

Also Agents for Seneca Stock and Poultry Remedies

HICKSVILLE, OHIO

Doctor (to patient)—"You've had a pretty close call. It's only your strong constitution that pulled you through."

Patient—"Well, doctor, remember that when you make out your bill."

Old Maid (buying music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?' "

Clerk—"Why-er-no, I guess it was the other clerk."

"Why would Wilson make a good musician?"

"Because he composed many notes."

"Her teeth are like the stars."

"Ah! I see! They come out every night."

"My son, suppose I should be taken away quite suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why, I'd stay here, father; the question is what would become of you?"

Miss Thornburgh—Gladys, I don't like your translation of "mihicredite' as believe me, it's too much like slang. Harry, how is that phrase in good English?

Harry—Take it from me.

Why, Indeed!

Lady of the house: "Say, Dinah, did you clean those fish?"

Dinah: "Law, no, missus! Why should I clean those fish? They done lib all theah life in wattah."

Patronize your Home Dealers and Boost your Community

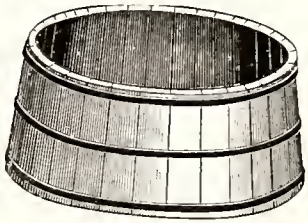
By Buying at Home you save freight, avoid delays in shipment, and get better goods at the Right Prices.

ASK :: YOUR :: DEALER :: FOR :: BUTLER :: GOODS

A Butler Double Gear Wind Mill with Oilless Bearings

Is the Best for pumping water Strong, durable, economical and satisfaetory. Takes care of itself automatically. Lasts longest. Cheapest to use: costs only one-fourth as much to pump water with a wind mill as it does with an engine.





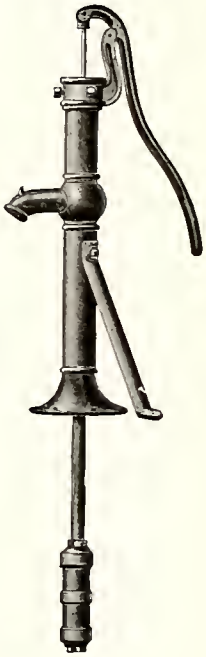
All Heart Red Cypress Tanks

Outlast all others. Butler Tanks are guaranteed FREE from sap.

All Sizes and Styles

Butler Pumps

For every place
All Kinds
Also Pump Jacks
Feed Cookers
Well Tools, &c.



The Butler Co.

BUTLER, INDIANA.

HIGH'S

Spencerville, Indiana.



When you get thirsty on these warm days **FRED** knows how to mix the drink to fit the face and fill the space, and bring the smile that is worth while **AT HIGH'S RESTAURANT.** When you are hungry call on **FRED** for best meals and sanitary soda service. **Tables for Ladies.**



When James G. Blaine was a young lawyer he was once asked to defend a tramp accused of stealing a watch. Convinced of the tramp's innocence, Mr. Blain pleaded with such convincing energy and eloquence that the court was in tears; even the tramp wept, and the jury almost immediately returned the verdict "not guilty."

Then the tramp drew himself up and, with intense gratitude, said:

"Sir, I never heard so grand a plea. I have no money to reward you, but—here's that watch! Take it, and welcome."

Kain: "Harry what is pitch (meaning of sound?")

Harry (waking from a nap): "Pitch is something like tar."

How Is This?

Indorsed by the Spencerville Ed.

How dear to my heart
I$ the ca$h of ubcription,
When generou$ ubcriber$
Pre$ent it to view.
But the one who won't pay—
I refrain from de$cription,
For, perhap$, gentle reader,
That one may be you.—Ex.

Harold (to Mary and Aileen, who were whispering to each other)—Here, secrets not allowed.

Alien—This is not aloud, we are whispering it.

For Square Dealing and Best Prices on all

Grain, Coal and Seeds

TRY

The - Hicksville - Grain - Company

HICKSVILLE, OHIO

Patronage a Place Receives

Is the best index to the satisfaetion it gives.

Bring Your Grain to Us

BEAR : GRAIN : CO.

HICKSVILLE. - - OHIO

The American Kandy Kitchen

Home Made Ice Cream 365 Days a Year

Fountain Open Winter and Summer

PURE HOME MADE CANDY

F. C. BUCK

Hicksville, - - - Ohio

As to class stones, we suggest
Freshman—Emerald.
Sophomore—Sand stone.
Juniors—Grind stone.
Seniors—Tomb stone.

Teacher—If you stand on your head the blood will all run to your head. Why is it that it does not run to your feet when you stand on them?

Johnny (after a long silence)—I know, it's because your feet aren't empty.

Gladis W.—Give me some of that sandpaper.
Howard S.—What for, elbows or knees?

Economy.

"What! You want to charge me sixty dollars for this suit? Why, you sold Percy VanBroke one just like it for forty-five."

"That's very true, but Mr. Van Broke never pays his bills, and I always give him a low price so I won't lose so much."

"How much vas dose collars?"
"Two for a quarter."
"How much for vun?"
"Fifteen cents."
"Well, giff me de odder vun."

Cecil, what is that scar on your chin?"
"That scar? Oh, that's a relic of barberism."

Emerson Shoes, honest all through, for Men

Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls

CARL M. HART

Everything in Footwear - - - - - Hicksville, Ohio

SHOE STORE OPPOSITE HOTEL SWILLEY

We Thank You For Your Past Patronage and Solicit Your Further Business.

Selby Shoes for Ladies

Kreider Shoes for the Babies

J. C. EMME

PHYSICIAN - AND - SURGEON

PHONE NO. 20

SPENCERVILLE, - - - - - - - - INDIANA

The Closed Circle.

Young Girl—"Yes, I feel an intense longing to do something for others."

Friend—"Whom do you mean by 'others?'"

Young Girl—"Well, almost any one outside of my immediate family."

Bachelor: I once wooed a lass.
Married Man: I once wooed; alas!

Snow, snow,
Beautiful snow,
Slip on a piece
And away you go.

Heard in History Class

No. 1: "What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

No. 2: "Why-er-it was built in the time of famine."

1st Sophomore: I smell cabbage burning.

2nd Sophomore: Oh, it's only a Freshman with his head on the radiator.

The extremes of human life:
Popping the question.
Questioning the pop.

Miss Strout remarked that we get the brown taste in coffee from roasting it.

There is safety and satisfaction in buying from

CLARKS



Have more time away from your Kitchen

Let **Kitcheneed** come with its snowy-white, sanitary, porcelain work table, with a place for everything, where you may sit and easily and quickly and with little effort to prapare each meal.

Let Kitcheneed with its automatic lowering flour bin, snowy white porcelain extension work table, ant-proof casters, base shelf extender give you more time away from your kitchen.

J. R. CLARK & SON

Furniture Dealers and Funeral Directors
All Goods Delivered Motor Equipment

Tri-State College

Desires to call attention of the students of Speneerville High School to the Teachers' Training Courses offered during the Summer term.

Tri-State College is fully accredited as a **Standard Normal School.** It will have also classes in Manual Training, Domestic Science and School Drawing.

The regular course in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering will be available; also Pharmacy, Commercial and higher College Courses.

SUMMER TERM OPENS JUNE 5, 1917

Write for details to **THE PRESIDENT**

Angola - Indiana